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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Now that the eleventh hour of the presidential contest has arrived that most undesirable of citizens or things, Mr. Campaign Canard has put in an appearance, as usual. But the vapors of this evil genius of politics are too transparent to attract much attention. If there were any merit to the charges that are hurled against candidates during the closing days of a campaign they would be given publicity during its earlier stages.

"But we who are living," declares Kaiser Wilhelm's oratorical effort, "will fight further until nobody will ever dare again to assail the honor and liberty of the German people." Evidently, or at least in the mind of the German emperor, it was an assault on the honor and the liberty of the German people that was responsible for the great European war.

Altho there is the possibility that European titles will not count for much after the great war, the American headlines go on annexing them with the reckless abandon for which they are so famous. The richest girl in Massachusetts is about to exchange her hand and pot of gold for one of them, and an Italian one, at that. Still, this is strictly her business, so why should any one else worry about it?

Evidently no task is too hopeless for the Y. M. C. A. to undertake. Its branch in New York City is to establish a course through which it will endeavor to "civilize" office boys.

Nor is it likely that many farmers will fail to understand despite the efforts of divers politicians to demonstrate to the contrary that the high prices they have been getting for their products are due to the demand for them that has been created by the war in Europe. In a ten months' period before the war began, we exported \$122,000,000 worth of breadstuffs and oats, not in a corresponding ten months with the war in full swing we exported the same commodities to the value of \$256,000,000.

According to the latest statistics on the subject the number of families in Japan engaged in agriculture is 4,482,292, of which, 1,734,692 families cultivate their own land, 1,567,529 families are tenant farmers, and 2,262,059 families are working partly on their own land and partly as tenant farmers. The land-owning farmers are 32 per cent of the total. The percentage is small as compared with 68 in this country and 58 in the Netherlands, and is large as compared with 13 per cent in England.

St. Louis appears to be rapidly approaching metropolitan proportions. During a recent period of fifty hours there were six murders in the big city on the eastern border of Missouri that are attributed to gang feuds.

Mr. Benson, the Socialist candidate for the presidency, is probably merely voicing what many other people are beginning to think when he says that unless a halt of some sort is called on the exportation of foodstuffs, a most serious situation will soon develop in this country. Mr. Benson styles it as a disaster. As he points out if the high cost of living continues to get higher it will become so high by next spring that many people here will be hard put to it to obtain the things they need to eat.

Dr. T. Iyemura, the head of Japan's publicity bureau, rather pertinently inquires why a lot of fuss is being made in this country in regard to maintaining the "open door" in China. "What has America been doing?" he asks. "Her trade with China has not seen much progress while Japan's has increased by leaps and bounds. While you are driving American ships out of the Pacific by legislation, while you are withdrawing government support from bankers and thus losing opportunities to invest your abundant capital in the East, there is more to make a fuss about."

THE RURAL SCHOOL TERM.

In a recent issue of the Progressive Farmer, which was also designated as the Education Special, Clarence Poe, its editor, presented one of the most fearless, logical and eloquent pleas ever made for a longer school term for the rural children of the South. And as his appeal for this essential educational reform is also of vital interest to the entire country, it has been issued by the United States Bureau of Education as one of its bulletins in the nation-wide campaign that it is waging for better rural schools.

"We must give the boys and girls of the rural South longer school terms," declares Mr. Poe—"and we must do this no matter what it costs in time, effort or money. Not only is it true that in no other section of the United States are the people doing so little for their boys and girls as we are doing; not only is it true that probably no country in Christendom except Russia is doing so little for its boys and girls as we in the South are doing; but the shameful fact is that when the writer was in Japan, he found even that so-called heathen country aroused to the importance of education and giving its country boys and girls twice as long a term as we are giving ours—and with compulsory attendance."

"Simply to stir us up and shame us into action, we are reprinting the table prepared by the Russell Sage Foundation, showing the number of days schooling received by the average child in each state in 1910. We of the South have made gratifying progress since then, to be sure, but yet all too little. Your boys and girls, kind reader, your boys and girls here in North Carolina who were getting only fifty-one days average in 1910, South Carolina's with fifty days, Virginia's with fifty-eight, and Georgia's with sixty-two—these boys and girls of ours must face the competition of boys and girls from Massachusetts who were getting 131 days average, from Ohio who were getting 113, from Illinois who were getting 108, and from Washington who were getting 107, and so on down the line. Are you willing simply in order to save a few pennies to send your boys and girls out into life less well equipped than their competitors?"

"Nor can we lay the flattering unction to our souls that in proportion to our means we of the South are doing as well as people of the other states are doing. We are not."

And the competition, pointed out by Mr. Poe, that the rural school children of the South have to meet because of the longer school term that is enjoyed by the country boys and girls in some of the eastern and northern states, is no more severe, and no more of a handicap, perhaps not such a heavy one, as is the competition which is thrust on the rural school children in every state, Kansas included, because of the much longer school term of which the boys and girls of the cities have the advantage.

In every state there is a wide disparity between the length of the city and the rural school terms, and so in every state there is a crying need that the rural school terms be lengthened. In order that the boys and girls of the country can have at least as good educational facilities and opportunities in this important respect as have the girls and boys of the cities.

OUR WAR PROSPERITY.

"The upward surge in values gained renewed force," writes Henry Clews, the New York banker in his weekly financial review under date of October 21. "They applied to commodities and securities alike, not only in the United States, but in the world over. All neutral countries are enjoying exceptional prosperity, and in this respect the United States far outdistances every one of them. The war, of course, is the supreme influence, all other factors being of minor importance compared with this one. Even our election, full as it is of important potentialities, is completely overshadowed by the cataclysm across the sea. This war is almost entirely responsible for the scarcity of both commodities and labor. Short crops are a factor that cannot be overlooked; nevertheless the old and supposedly obsolete law of supply and demand is working ceaselessly with an energy never before experienced, because of the struggle now devastating Europe."

Corn, wheat and cotton touch new high points, with indications that still higher figures may possibly be reached. All food products are rising, and the same is true of clothing, while our mineral industries—iron, steel, copper, petroleum, etc.—are rushed at a pace far exceeding the most daring expectations of a year ago. Bradstreet's commodity index number was 12,639 on October 1, an advance of 22 per cent since the war began. Industries dependent upon agricultural and mineral products are reaping directly or indirectly large profits as a result of war inflation, but their prosperity is small compared with that which has been reached by a few of the big industries, notably those engaged in the fabrication of steel.

"The question forced upon our minds is how long can such high tension prosperity last; and have we in the United States reached the crest of the wave? I think not; because the end of the war, on which all this feverish rush depends, is not yet in sight. Apparently there will be no peace for many months at least. Signs of serious exhaustion on either side are still wanting; reason has lost its sway, and mad passion rules all judgments. Until the power of one side or the other is broken it would seem that peace will be impossible. The Allies are already negotiating for

another big loan on this side; steel for munitions is being ordered deliverable into the third quarter of 1917, and ships, guns and munitions are being turned out with greater intensity than at any time during the war. Such efforts do not portend peace. They rather suggest further sacrifices, further destruction and more and more waste; altho it may be that change of mind or breakdown of strength will develop when least expected. In any event, the immediate outlook for peace is remote and this conviction is the prime source of present market strength. America cannot avoid looking on in sorrow at the harrowing spectacle, but our people and our government are alike incapable of interfering or affecting the issue in any way. All neutrals are benefiting from the needs of the belligerents; the United States, owing to its industrial capacity, naturally profiting far more than any other. When the war is over, this country will find itself in a vastly strengthened position. It will be financially independent of Europe; and out of the vast profits made from the war, it will doubtless be enabled to assist many of the suffering nations of Europe to recover their impaired positions by depending largely upon this country for the capital and material needed for reconstruction. The world has never seen such an example of the folly of war, or the wisdom of peace, as will appear when peace arrives."

JOURNAL ENTRIES

A bluff often does very well until it is called.

Altogether too many people are ready to quit before they are beaten.

The real hero is the fellow who doesn't wear the medal his heroism has won.

Memory is usually dependable in respect to the things that should be forgotten.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

This is a good time, advises the Hutchinson News, to drag roads and get them in the best possible condition for fall and winter wear.

Things appear to be a little dull in Frankfort, Marshall county. Listen to this from the editor of the Frankfort Index: If there is anything new under the sun, we don't know it.

A chess county man saw his first football game when he went to Cottonwood Falls the other day, reports the Coffeyville Journal, and it suggests that up till that time he had never heard of the game. With a football was a game wherein the players kicked the ball.

Noting the report of a child born in October, which has two hands in front and one behind, the Concordia Kansas says: That child when it grows up will find that extra fist behind him a very handy thing. He will be a politician—if some people's notion of a thrifty politician is correct.

Observations by the Norton Telegram that the boys and girls of the country are making haste to get into the new school year, with high cost of prunes in making the more pleasant for the boarding house inhabitants, is a good thing. If some would get their stay up until morning it would help some. Life is like a card game in one respect and that is that the cards are dealt into a pack to tell you how you ought to play your hand.

GLOBE SIGHTS

[From the Atchison Globe.]
Happiness and unhappiness always register.

A true sportsman is one who enjoys being uncomfortable.

Every candidate gets plenty of encouragement until election.

A woman's idea of close economy is to have her husband quit smoking.

Most of the hurrying is done in an effort to catch up, rather than to get ahead.

If you had a hero medal a lot of people would mistake it for a lodge emblem.

The pessimist may not have much fun, but he avoids quite a number of disappointments.

A man who has had money, and lost it, probably feels his poverty worse than anyone else.

It depends upon who perpetrates it whether the rough stuff is anarchy or only a college prank.

It probably is possible for a man to love his country without thinking much of his government.

It is so often said of a drunkard that he is a brilliant man when sober, which is often a dang lie.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]
Hinges of true friendship never grow rusty.

Hope for the best, prepare for the worst and take what comes.

Executive ability is the power to get another to do your work.

Some clubs cause scolding wives and some bring wives into the clubs.

The judgment of Solomon was great, but he never tried to umpire a baseball game.

Many a man tells a woman she's the only one he ever loved merely from force of habit.

The first thing a man does after making a fool of himself is to try to explain how it happened.

When there is more than one way of doing a thing the average man invariably does it the wrong way.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY E. MOULTON.

Avoid These.
Men who use perfume.
Women who want car windows opened.
Men on the street who want you to hold baby for a moment.
Person who blows about what he has done. He has never done anything.
Sleepy looking mules. They always kick hardest.
Woman who knows she would make a great journalist.
Amateur actor who wants to recite Hamlet's soliloquy.
Man who puts arm around your shoulders (if you are a man). It means a gentle touch.
Second-hand automobiles.
Temperance lecturers with red noses.
Man who calls you by first name the first time you meet him.

Mr. Binks and the Furnace.

When Mr. Binks moved into the new house he knew as much about running a hot air furnace as a stuffed animal cat knows about the fourth dimension. His experience with hot air had been entirely of a political and social nature.

The man who had been living in the house said that he had always burned gas coke and left explicit directions. But Mr. Binks could never remember whether to leave the draft up and the check down or when to leave them both up and both down.

Mrs. Binks had her own ideas upon the subject and when Mr. Binks would pull the chains one way, Mrs. Binks would go and reverse them. She claimed that she knew the furnace from the inside and she always reversed the chains no matter which way they happened to be. Between Mr. Binks and Mrs. Binks, it was a question of absolute ignorance and intuition was a 12 to 1 shot.

"What makes your house so cold?" asked the first neighbor who called. "What do you burn?"

"Gas coke," replied Mr. Binks. "All wrong," said the neighbor. "Try Solvay," he said. "You can drive you out of my house on the coldest day."

"I told you so," said Mrs. Binks when the neighbor had departed. "We must try Solvay," And they did. "It seems like here to me," said the second neighbor who called.

"What are you burning?" "I am burning Solvay coke," said Mr. Binks with all of the dignity and finality of an expert.

"You're foolish," said the neighbor. "I am burning soft coal and it delivers the goods. Try soft coal and you'll never regret it."

"I told you so," said Mrs. Binks when the neighbor had departed. "We must try soft coal," And they did. "It seems funny you can't heat this place," remarked a third neighbor.

"I called on the expert," said Mr. Binks. "He said I should have a bit of trouble heating my house and it is a much larger house than this. I burn hard coal. What do you burn?"

"I burn soft coal," replied Mr. Binks, wearily. "You're a chump," said the neighbor, "try anthracite."

"I told you so," said Mrs. Binks when the neighbor had departed. "We must try hard coal," And they did. "The man who had lived in the house before the Binkses moved in came to call and said he had never seen a house so cold. With a furnace stuck to gas coke," he said rather disgustedly. "How do you operate the chains?"

"We put the right one up and the left one down in the daytime, and the left one up and the right one down in the night," said Mr. Binks.

"No," said Mrs. Binks. "Henry thinks we do, but I always change them after he goes to bed and then I come down and change them three or four times during the night and even that doesn't do any good for the fire is always out in the morning."

"I would advise you to move into a steam heated house," said the man. "I told you so," said Mrs. Binks when the man had departed. "We must move into a steam heated house," And they did.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON.

Screens.
This is to be a word about screens. Not the kind of screens you put in windows, but the kind you put between you and yourself so that you cannot see yourself too clearly.

When I am having difficulty in expressing myself in writing, I find myself leaving my pencil, ostensibly to sharpen my pencil, actually to get away from the painful effort of concentration.

The idea that I must sharpen my pencil is what I mean by a screen. I put it up between me and my actual motive, which I have to admit I am trying to shirk.

The child who feels ill at quarter of nine in the morning and recovers at half-past nine, who goes to school, who is sent to school, shows how early in life we begin to use screens.

Of course that might be deliberate shamming, but far more often a child deceives himself. I know, because I can vaguely remember even now the mental processes of one little girl who hated school so much that the approach of 9 o'clock helped her give her a sick feeling at her stomach.

My brother used to call it my "ginger cookie sickness," because before the forenoon was over his little brother was sufficiently to eat a dozen ginger cookies.

The Pharisee who stood in the market place and prayed and drank, offered himself that men might know he was fasting, is a classic example of the use of screens.

We all wish to be foolish, use them, more or less, in one way or another, from the beginning to the end. The difference between the man who thinks and the man who thinks and uses screens and tries to push them away, and the man who doesn't think never even suspects it.

A man told me the other day that he didn't consider a certain woman he had just met at all pretty, altho she has that reputation. The next day he said: "Last night she looked really pretty to me, and I am glad. You see, she evidently didn't like to dance with me and I was afraid that she might think I was a fool. I'm glad I'm not so small."

There is a man who is thoughtful enough to suspect himself of using screens.

And by the same token there is a man who is likely to go far.—(Copyright by George Matthew Adams.)

SINCE YOU CAME.

Oh, I know why the willow tree
Droops as the stream goes by,
And I know why the rain cloud weeps
For its blue shining sky.

But I know, too, why swallows sing
When building little nests,
While hapless of their rain cloud weeps
For its blue shining sky.

And why the sea is radiant when
The moon comes up at night,
And why the fair dancer blushes
She views the glad sunlight.

And I can understand just why
The eager waterfalls
Will leap from highest cliff to meet
The river's faintest call.

Yes, I know, too, how Echo can
Respond to every mood
Of nature, and how winds can stir
To song the stiffest wood.

These hidden beauties of the earth
When you first came I knew,
Their meaning suddenly stood clear
With me, great love for you
State Porter, in Birmingham News.

EVENING STORY

Old Nick's Legacy.

(By Mabel S. Merrill.)

"Because he is a total failure and a blot on the fair name of a hard-working family, I give and bequeath my estate to my nephew, Nicholas Wye, nothing but the shop in the orchard and the contents of the same."

Nicholas Wye, better known as Old Nick, the housekeeper of the old man, sat on the orchard wall and looked thoughtfully at the little weather-blackened building which was his sole share in the goodly estates belonging to the Wye homestead on the hill. Then he looked down at the newspaper in his hand with its black headline. The editor of the Bowenville Herald had thought old man Wye's will such a humorous document that he had made a front-page story about Old Nick and his legacy.

Nick crumpled the paper and tried to cram it into his pocket as a light step came down the road. He knew it was Floris Hanson coming home from her labor at the little old school house down the lane. Somehow Nick always happened to be around somewhere when Floris came along, altho she seldom ventured to speak to her.

The village teacher was a person so much looked up to in Bowenville that Nick's cousin, Uncle Zeb, had made a bid for her favor with a view to securing a suitable mistress for his fine old house.

To Nick's surprise, Floris stopped today and spoke to him. She had a copy of the Herald in her hand and her eyes were sparkling indignantly.

"It's a shame, Mr. Wye," she declared. "That editor ought to be prosecuted and so should your uncle, no, I forgot he is dead. Well, anyway, I—well, I know you're not a blot and a total failure."

"What a shame," said Uncle Zeb's way of looking at it," explained Nick good naturedly. "All the Wyes had worked like time and saved every cent of the family gink so there didn't seem to be any left for me. I've had to hunt and fish and loaf enough to make up for the sun's rays."

When Floris had gone on her way, he got off the wall and gravely inspected the shop, the only piece of property he owned. It was a rough, solid little building, its two rooms well lighted by big windows, for Uncle Zeb had used it for a paint shop. It was empty save for a heap of rubbish in one corner.

"Now, if he'd left me a little something to begin the world on, how'd he know but I'd reform?" mused Nicholas, pulling over the heap. "Hello, what's this?"

He picked up a substantial keg of white paint, with a smaller one of green resting atop of it. Old Nick was a humorist in his way and his eyes began to twinkle as he examined this thing.

"Maybe Uncle Zeb did better by me than he thought," chuckled the new owner of the property. "I might sell that white paint for a big price. I'll make some use of it myself. Used to like to paint—and, anyway, it'll be a job to work at while she's going by."

The capitalized pronoun stood for the mistress in his thoughts. The next afternoon when Floris passed she stared in amazement. In this shady corner of the orchard, the little building, painted clean white with a small stripe of dark green for a finish, looked like the house she had sometimes seen in her dreams when her boarding place in the village was worse than usual. Nick was inside waiting the while she worked. With a woman's interest in beauty and cleanliness, Floris stepped along to the door and looked in.

"Oh, Mr. Nicholas," she exclaimed, "you're making it just lovely! Don't have a thing, will you, but the clean white and green?"

Nick gravely "What color would you have the floors?"

"Green, too," decided Floris eagerly. "Oh, not so dark; you'll know how to tint it down. Why, I'm an artist, and you've never let me find it out!"

It was not long before the fairy house in the orchard attracted the attention of others beside the school mistress. The village thought that a spasm of industry had seized Old Nick and that he was working hard by odd jobs in order to beautify the small building under the apple trees.

He built a little piazza and a tiny shamming, but far more often a child deceives himself. I know, because I can vaguely remember even now the mental processes of one little girl who hated school so much that the approach of 9 o'clock helped her give her a sick feeling at her stomach.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A Few "Don'ts."

Don't buy expensive cuts of beef. Purchase a steam cooker, which will make tough cuts tender and palatable.

Don't combine salads long before serving.

Don't handle pie crust or baking powder biscuit dough more than is absolutely necessary.

Don't bake sponge cake in a hot oven.

Don't use condiments, such as spices, pepper, etc., freely.

Don't cook kielbasa.

Don't purchase fish when the eyes are not full and bright, the gills not red, or the flesh not firm.

Two Kinds of Cake.

If two kinds of cake are desired at the same time the following recipe can be modified so as to make two entirely different cakes out of the same mixture. Mix all the ingredients together except the chocolate and nuts. Take half of this mixture and bake in small layer pans, to be frosted with chocolate or maple frosting. Add half the stated amount of nut and chocolate to the remaining mixture and bake in a sheet, to be frosted with white cream. Here are the ingredients: Two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup butter, four eggs, one cup milk, two and one-half cups sifted flour, one-half cup baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla, two squares chocolate, one cup broken walnuts. Cream the butter, add one-half the sugar, cream thoroughly, add the yolks, add the other half of the sugar and vanilla and beat. Combine the two mixtures, add milk and flour alternately, beat thoroughly. Bake in whites, chocolate and nuts.

Home-Made Sweet.

This is a delicious, easily made and inexpensive home-made sweet. Shell English walnuts or any other nuts preferred and lay the kernels on waxed paper. Soften sweet chocolate in a double boiler and pour over the kernels.

"Do you practice deep breathing, as I told you? Can't do it, doctor, without getting my lungs and gasoline." Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE ELOPEMENT

By BRINKERHOFF.



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